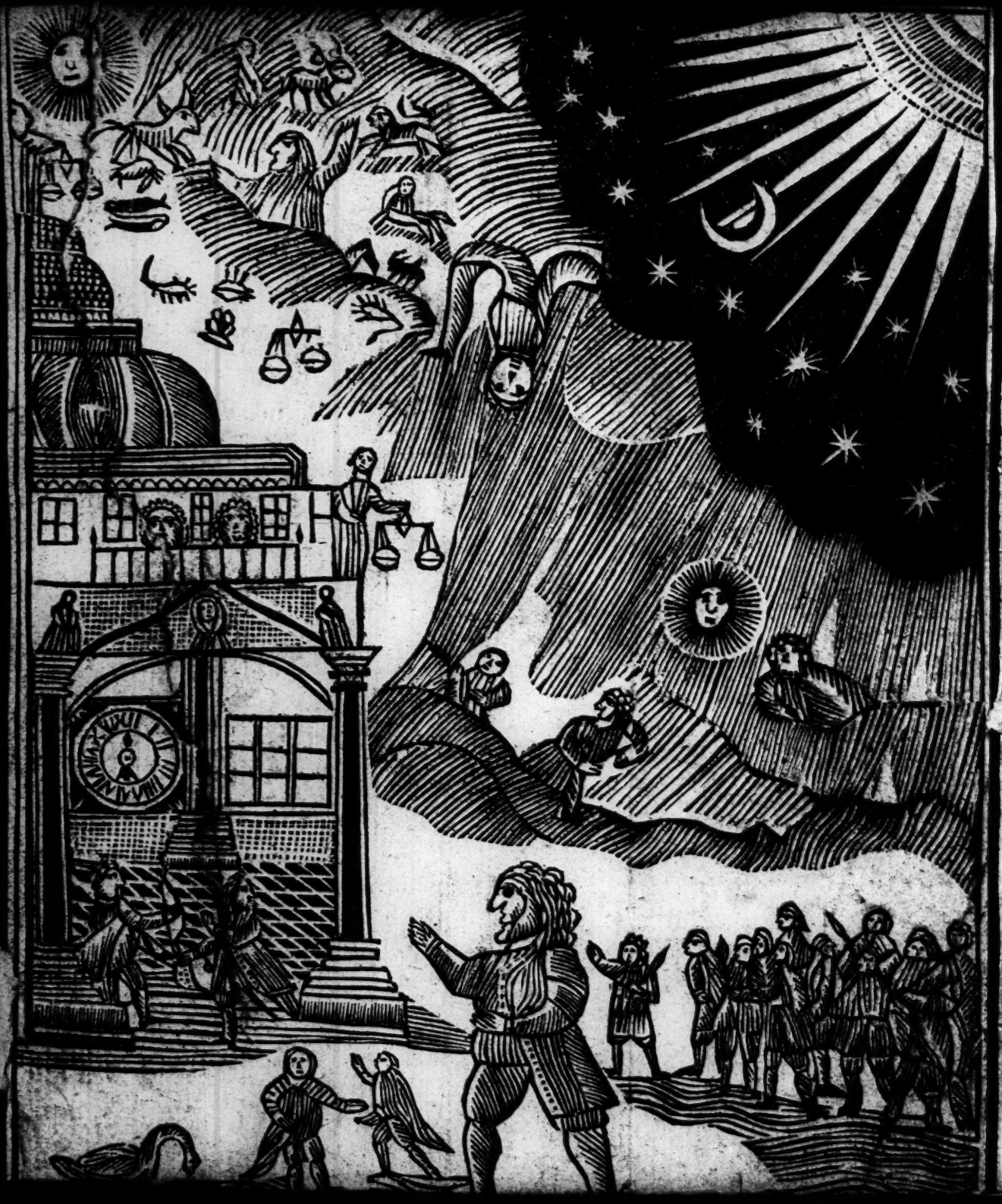

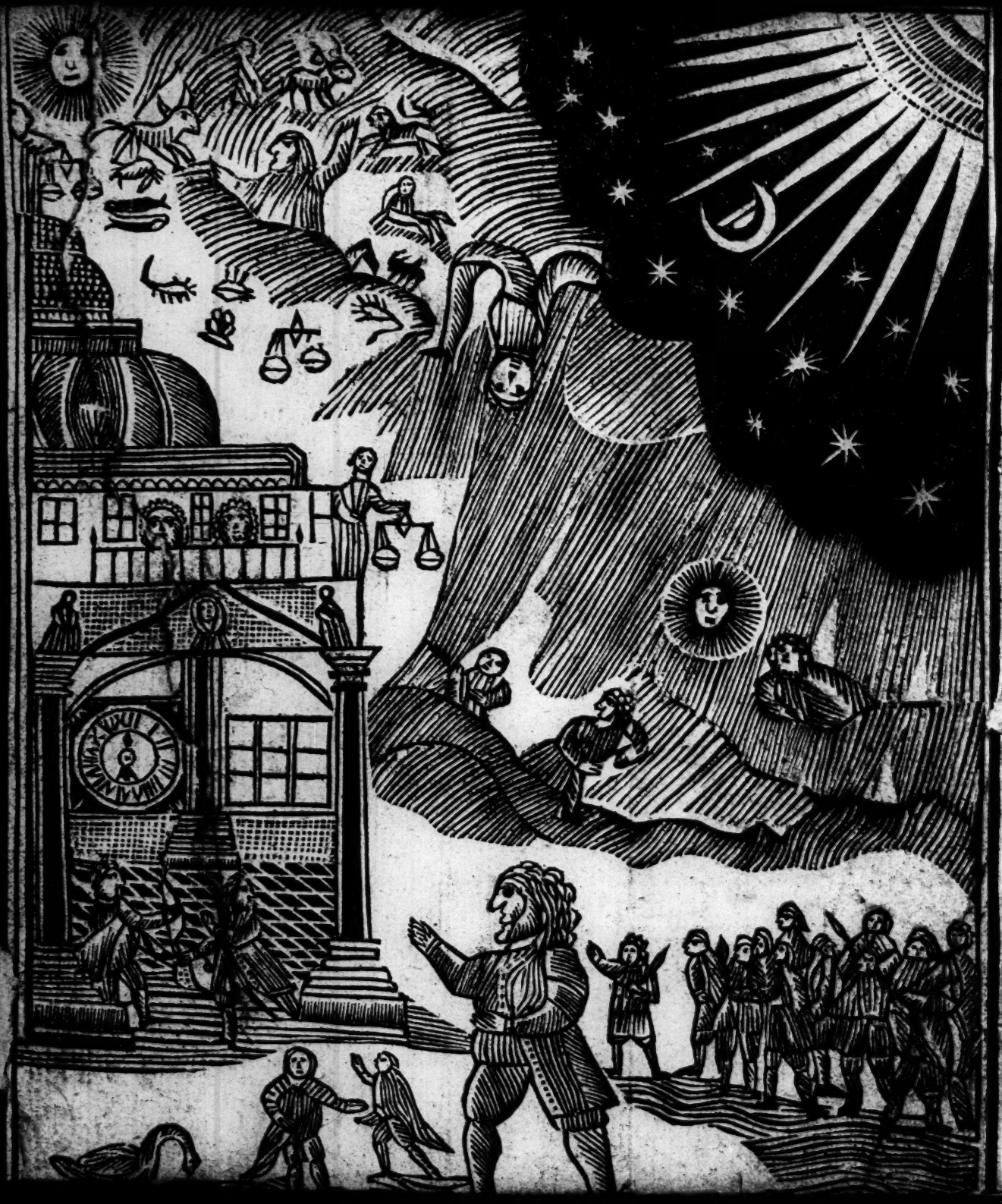

A SPECIMEN OF THOUGHT UPON THE Gloomy Region: OR, *POLYPHEMUS* Evaporated: OR, A Satiri-Tragi-Comi-Poetick *Hodge-Podge* and miſcellaneous Poem, upon the *Wooden-Man* in *Eſſex-ſtreet*. WITH Interlunary Breathings of Love from *Venus*, that ſovereign Goddeſs over the Hearts of the fair Sex, nay of both Sexes if you go to that.

By *JOHN THOMSON*.

Die quibus in terris in Scripti nomina Regum,
Naſcantur flores, tu Phillyda ſolus habeto.

DUBLIN:
Printed for the Author, M.DCC.XXXII.

47.
3 / 13
965.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE

Lord SACKVILE.

May it pleaſe Your Lordſhip,

AT the firſt ſetting out of any great Man into the World, it muſt be a great Pleaſure to Mankind to ſee with what Modeſty, Judgment, and Perſpicuity ſuch a Man (tho' but of tender Years) enters upon the Stage of Life; Honour and Honeſty are handed down to him as an Eſtate-tale inheritable, devolved upon him by him that gives them, and are inheritable to Eternity; therefore how well may your Lordſhip be, for I, my Lord, (I ſpeak for my ſelf) do admire and honour you; far be it from me, my Lord, to tinſel over the Conduct of any Man, but with barefacedneſs to ſpeak my Mind, and declare the Truth in plain Terms: Without Vanity, your Lordſhip is (as I am informed and pretty well aſſured) growing up in ſuch Abilities, the Qualifications of thoſe you derive from: It is,

my Lord, I muſt own, an unſpeakable Pleaſure to me to be thus honoured in this Dedication, but hope, thro' your Lordſhip's Influence, it may take footing, and ſlide into the World; may his Goodneſs, who has hitherto preſerv'd you and yours, preſerve you, and them unto the End, is the ardent Deſire and Hope of, my Lord, may it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Faithful,

Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

J. Thomſon.

To

To the Revd. Doctor

JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of St. *Patrick's*, *DUBLIN.*

SIR,

CONvinc'd of your Abilities,
The Steps unto Felicities,
I do attempt for to approach,
Before you, Sir, without a Coach,
Tho' preſſing hard by Law for Money,
'Tis bitter Sauce not mix'd with Honey;
But Providence, Sir, has been kind,
To raiſe ſome Fancy in the Mind;
To raiſe ſome good Mens Inclination,
Moſt Natives of the *Iriſh* Nation,
To help a Man not much in Faſhion.
I own, great Sir, I muſt be happy,
If I can compaſs Cup of Nappy,
Iriſh Ale, 'twill make us ſappy.
I humbly lay my ſelf before you,
And for this Boldneſs Pardon ſue:

And recommended by the College
To you, Sir, of ſuch noted Knowledge:
This is th' Addreſs that I addreſs,
Hoping 't may meet with ſome Succeſs.

Who am,

SIR,

With great Submiſſion and Reſpect,

Your moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

J. Thomſon.

THE

To the Revd. Doctor

JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of St. *Patrick's*, *DUBLIN.*

Revd. SIR,

IT was not thro' Officiouſneſs that I attempted to wait upon you at your Houſe this Day, for I had not been ſo happy in ſuch an Intimacy; But that with reſpect to a certain ſort of Poem, Intituled, a *Specimen* of *Thought*, *&c.* I had been directed by ſome Gentlemen in the *College* to wait upon you, either to approve on't or receive your Sanction thereon, or to Damn or Condemn it, tho' I don't flatter myſelf, that I ſhall be very unhappy in either. But, Sir, being already ſo happy as to have received about 4 or 500 Subſcribers, and Men of the beſt Figure, has Imbolden'd me to think it may not be more intolerable than I firſt conceived, and this Morning was the 5th. Time I did my ſelf the Honour to wait upon you, but hope the 6th. may Anſwer my Expectation, who am Sir with much Reſpect,

Your moſt Obedient,
Humble Servant.

June 8th.
1732.

J. Thomſon.

THE

PREFACE

To the moſt candid

READER.

Candid Reader,

THE *enſuing Treatiſe, ſo promiſcous in it ſelf, having flown from one attacked by the Prodigy after its Monſtrification, and before its Prodigization with ſo boiſtrous Impetuoſities, and moſt notorious and manifeſt Injuries, that tho' the Author forgives the Injuries done, yet did not think himſelf accountable to himſelf, had he paſſed by the fine Drawing, and Chriſtalizing of the* Wooden-Man *thro' his skitings in the Air, which is not notoriouſly unknown to many now in being, and not utterly Strangers to* Polyphemus *of* Eſſex-ſtreet; *either* Romulus *or* Remus, *or the* Wooden Man, *or the Crown-Officer, or Keeper of* Newgate, *and ſeveral others in ſaid Poem mentioned may be ſeverally and jointly*

jointly taken for one another, for were the Monſter living, tho' dead in Law, or non Compos, *yet far be it from the* Author *to wiſh him any harm, but in hopes after the Re-aſſumption of himſelf, and Diſqualification again, this might prove rather ſerviceable to him than obnoxious, until it might pleaſe him from whom both he and we have our Beings to call him to eternal Futurity.*

It is no ſmall pleaſure to the Author *to be ſo highly honoured in the Dedication of the enſuing Treatiſe, and that by the moſt illuſtrious Rays of Oriential Glory, and ſo ſtrenuouſly ſupported in its Approbation by great Men of various Nations.*

Trinity College near the City of Dublin, *ſo Conſpicuous in itſelf, thro'* Europe, *for its Piety and Learning, have not Contributed a little towards the* Author's *happineſs, to Immortalize themſelves and him in Eternal Glory to all Eternity.*

It is to be feared (tho' the Author *did Advertiſe in the News Papers, that the Gentlemen Subſcribers ſhou'd go or ſend to ſee that their reſpective Names were properly enter'd and right Spell'd) that ſome of their Names have been (not undeſignedly) omitted.*

And with Reſpect to the Author's *having been guided (barring* Horace's *Aſſiſtance) or aſſiſted in the uncouth Symmetry of the enſuing Miſcellany, and ſuch Inſinuation to have ſprung up and to be inſiſted upon (as the* Author *has*

been

been pretty well assured and informed) by C----l C--l--n *and Mr.* S---re *Attorney (tho' they have flatly denied their having said to my self, yet (it seems) that grovelling and audacious Disposition is yet on Foot to inflame an empty Insinuation.*

It gives me some Concern after having (so many and various Times) waited upon the Revd. Doctor Jonathan Swift *Dean of St.* Patrick's, Dublin, *in order to be directed in rectifying the unpolish'd Inconnections of the succeeding Paper; one so conspicuous in Sagacity and Judgment, and great Experience, such a Man must have much contributed to a Symmetry herein — And missing that Happiness, have address'd him in the foregoing Manner.*

To

THE Subſcribers Names.

A.

THE Right Honourable Francis Ld. Bar. Athunry
The Right Hon. Joſhua Lord Viſcount Allen.
The Hon. John Allen, Eſq;
Tho. Acton, Eſq;
Nicholas Aylward, Eſq;
Hen. Aſton, Eſq;
Iſaac Ambroſe, Eſq;
Edmond Armſtrong, Eſq;
Capt. Adams.
Mr. Francis Anderſon.
Mr. Francis Andrews.
Mr. Thomas Auſtin.

B.

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Col. Butler.
Col. Batereau.
Col. Humphry Booth.
John Burrows, Eſq;
Arthur Blennerhaſſet, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
Pollard Bowyer, Eſq;
Pierce Brett, Eſq;
William Baldwin, Eſq;
Stephen Bernard, Eſq;
Long. Bateman, Eſq;
Benj. Brigandine, Eſq;
Joſ. Bury, Eſq;
Fra. Blake, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
John Brown, Eſq;
Tho. Burgh, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
Benjamin Barrington, Eſq;
Samuel Barrington, Eſq;
Henry Brook, Eſq;
John Bayly, Eſq;
Oliver Bird, Eſq;
John Booz, Eſq; his Majeſty's Sollicitor General.
Richard Betteſworth, Eſq; ſecond Serj. at Law.
Tho. Ball, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
Ol. Blake, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
Bruno Brown, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
Simon Broadſtreet, Eſq; Counſel. at Law.

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Capt. Wheeler Barrington.
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Mr. Mich. Barry.
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Mr. —— Broughton.
Mr. John Burton, Jun.
Mr. Richard Burk.
Mr. Walter Barret.
Mr. James Brown.
Mr. Tho. Brown.
Mr. John Burgh.
Mr. Benneditto.
Mr. Humph. Butler.
Mr. Dan O Bryan.
Mr. Alex. Boſwell.
Mr. John Bowden.
Mr. St. Law. Bowden.
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Mr. Edw. Barret, Merch.
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Joſhua Cooper, Eſq; 3
Richard Cooper, Eſq; 3
William Cooper, Eſq; 3
Joſhua Cooper, Jun. Eſq;
Bryan Cunningham, Eſq; 2
Chidley Cunningham, Eſq; 2
Alex. Carlton, Eſq;
John Cooke, Eſq;
Robert Curtis, Eſq;
John Curtis, Eſq; 2
Tho. Curtis, Eſq;
Com. Callaghan, Eſq;
Hen. Clements, Eſq; 2 Doz.
St George Caulfield, Eſq;
Hen. Coddington, Eſq; Counſel. at Law.
John Clements, Eſq; Counſel. at Law.
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Tho. Cook, Eſq;
John Caldbeck, Eſq;
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Capt. John Cunningham.
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Mr. Alex. Carroll.
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Mr. Mat. Coghlan.
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Mr. Mat. Carrick.
Mr. William Clark.
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Mr. Tho. Corker, Merch.
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Mr. Edw. Conſtable.

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Sir Compton Domville.
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Cha. Doyle, Eſq;
Neh. Donnellan, Eſq;
Edw. Dudgeon, Eſq; H. Sher. C. D.
John Downing, Eſq;
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Nich. Darcy, Eſq;
Geo. Dunſcombe, Eſq;
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Mr. John Dennis.
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Mr. Pierce Donevan.
Mr. Luke Dowling, Stationer.
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Lieut. Hunter.
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Mr. Edw. Humphrys.
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Rob.

I.

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Tho. Jones, Esq;
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Coursey Ireland, Esq;
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Mr. Robert Jessop.

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Ignatius Kelly, Esq; Counsellor at Law.
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Mr. William Kage.
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Mr. Tho. Kingsty.

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The Hon. Col. Leganier.
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En. Lavery, Esq;
William Ludlow, Esq;
Tho. Lee, Esq;
Nich. Loftus, Jun. Esq;
William Leeson, Esq;
David Latouche, Esq;
David Latouche, Jun. Esq;
Tho. Lindsey, Esq;
Char. Lambert, Esq;
Colthurst Langton, Esq;
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Mr. John Lecar.
Mr. Lewis Layfield of the Theatre-Royal.
Mr. Lindsey.

M.

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Rt. Hon. Ld. Moleſworth.
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Pat. Miller, Eſq;
Arthur Mervin, Eſq;
William Monſell, Eſq;
John Minchin, Eſq;
Counſellor Morton.
Counſellor Magawley.
John Morris, Eſq;
Lewis Meares, Eſq;
Capt. Rich. Madden.
Rich. Malone, Counſellor at Law.
Ald. John Macarrell.
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James Medlicott, Eſq;
Edw. Medlicott, Eſq;
Rich. Malone, Jun. Eſq;
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Mr. Topham Mitchell.
Mr. William Marſhal.
Mr. P. Mullen.
Mr. Tho. Merrifield.
Mr. James Mills.
Mr. John Myler.

N.

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Nich. Naſh, Eſq;
Fra. North, Eſq;
Brabazon Noble, Eſq;
Edw. Noble, Eſq;
William Naſh, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
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David Nixon, Eſq;
Rich. Nuttal, Eſq;
Mr. James Nixon.
Mr. William Noy.
Mr. Ed. Noy.
Mr. William Neal.
Mr. Laugh. Naughton.

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Mr. Geo. Ormsby.
Mr. Tho. ô Bryan.
Mr. Sam. Owens.

P.

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The Hon. Maj. Palms.
Sir Sey. Pile, Bart.
Sir Tho. P——ſt, Bart.
Prince Paſſau.
John Perçival, Eſq; 3
Howard Parry, Eſq;
Robert Powell, Eſq;
John Porter, Eſq;
Tho. Pocklington, Eſq;

Char.

Char. Phibbs, Eſq;
Cha. Powell, Eſq;
Robert Parkinſon, Eſq;
Jacob Power, Eſq;
David Power, Eſq;
Parke Pepper, Eſq;
Hector Pain, Eſq;
Counſellor Purdon.
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Mr. Hen. Pierce.
Mr. Ben. Pineau.
Mr. Tho. Pierce.
Mr. Rich. Phibbs.
Mr. John Phibbs.

Edm. Ryan, Eſq;
Capt. Geo. Robinſon.
Tho. Richards, Eſq; 2
Hoddard Roberts, Eſq;
John Reilley, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
Mr. John Revett.
Mr. Matthias Reilley.
Mr. Chriſt. Revet.
Mr. Nich. Rickards.
Mr. Rich. Rickiſſon.
Mr. John Reilley.
Mr. Radford.
Mr. Edw. Richards, Jun.

R.

The Rt. Hon. Rich. Earl of Roſs.
The Right Hon. Lord Riverſtown.
W. De la Rue, Eſq;
Counſellor James Reilley.
John Richards, Eſq;
James Roche, Eſq;
Counſellor Robbins.
Mr. John Ruſſel, alias Admiral Ruſſel.
Boſtook Radford, Eſq;
Nat. Robbins, Eſq;
Will. Richard, Jun. Eſq;
Edw. Rich, Eſq;
James Robins, Eſq;
Her. Longford Rowley, Eſq;
Simeon Roule, Eſq;
Rob. Roberts, Eſq;
James Roche, Eſq; Counſel. at Law.

S.

The Rt. Hon. George Lord Sackvile.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Baron Santry.
The Rt. Hon. Ld. Southwell.
The Hon. John Smith.
The Hon. Major Gen. Robert Sterne.
The Hon. Maj. James Stuart.
Hen. Singleton, Eſq; his Majeſty's Prime Serjeant at Law.
William Smith of Clover-hill, Eſq; 4
Ed. Soden, Eſq; 3
Cha. Stuart, Eſq;
Counſellor James Stuart,
Geo. Stepney, Eſq;
Edw. Sandys, Eſq;
Rich. Sherlock, Eſq;

Edw,

Edw. Smith, Eſq;
John Sterling, Eſq;
John Sheen, Eſq;
Capt. Spranger, 2
Harvey Sale, Eſq;
Edw. Sale, Eſq;
Hum. Skerret. Eſq;
Veſey Shaw, Eſq;
William Stannard, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.
Ald. James Somerville.
Rich. Sandys, Eſq;
Counſellor Scott.
Mr. William Scriven.
Mr. William Sumner.
Mr. James Smith.
Mr. Rich. Shilling, alias the Splen. one.
Mr. William Sandys,
Mr. Edw. Stanly.
Mr. James Sullivan.
Mr. Mich. Shield.
Mr. John Sweeny.
Mr. John Speer.
Mr. Will. Sullivan of Cork.
Mr. James Sexton.
Mr. John Scott.
Mr. Matth. Sweeny.
Mr. Daniel Sullivan.

Solvitur acris Hiems grata vice veris & favoni.
Trahuntque ſiccas Machina Carinas. Hor.

T.

The Rt. Hon. Rich. Tighe, Eſq;
Col. Rich. Tonſon.
William Tighe, Eſq;
George Tucker, Eſq; H. Sher. C. D.
William Thwaits, Eſq;
Counſellor Trevors.
Rich. Trench, Eſq;
Will. Tiſdal, Eſq;
Will. Towers, Eſq;
Tho. Twiſden, Eſq;
Counſellor Taylor.
Counſellor Tench.
Capt. Edward Thomſon.
Tho. Trotter, Eſq;
William Todd, Eſq;
Mr. Geo. Taaffe,
Mr. Warren Taylor.
Mr. Rich. Terry. 5
Mr. James Thomſon, Att.
Mr. John Terrill.
Mr. Arthur Thomſon.

U.

Rich. Vincent, Eſq;
Tho. Viſe, Eſq;
Joſias Veitch, Eſq;
John Uſher, Eſq; 2
Will. Uſher, Eſq;
Mr. Luke Vypond.
Mr. Tho. Vanderbank of the Theatre-Royal.

W.

Col. Waller.
Law White, Eſq;

William

William Warring, Esq;
Nich. Ward, Esq;
John Waleice, Esq;
Maur. Wall, Esq;
Geo. Warren, Esq;
Rich. Wilson, Esq;
John Wakefield, Esq;
Capt. Tim. Warburton.
Sam. Waller, Esq;
Westenra Warren, Esq;
James Wallace, Esq;
Mr. Commissary Wall.
Mr. Edw. Warren.
Mr. Tho. Ward.
Mr. Will. West.

Mr. Tho. White.
Mr. John Williams.
Mr. Sam. White.
Mr. John Watson.
Mr. James White,
Mr. Mark White.
Mr. Anth. West, Limner.
Mr. Fra. Woodley.
Mr. Edw. Ware.
Mr. Sam. Waller.

Y.

Mr. John Young.

THE

THE Subſcribers Names IN VERSE.

COme, Lords and Lads, let's chime in Rhime,
And celebrate our preſent Time:
Says Col. *Boothe* by *Jove* 'tis true;
Says *Johny Boothe* I'll join with you,
And likewiſe Mrs. *Catty* too.
Says *Percival*, what is the Matter?
But, ſays his Lady, pray be grave Sir:
Says *Cooper* hunting rous'd a Stag,
And *Dick* juſt mounting of his Nag,
And *Robert Folliot* in the Dance,
By *Hercules*, we'll hunt to *France*,
And teach 'em what's our Country Dance.
Says *William Cooper* ſtop a while,
Take off your Bottle, ride a Mile.

Says

Says *Cooper* Jun. playing Flute,
This and I compleatly ſuit,
Tho' it be not the ſilent Flute.
Says *William Smith* from *Clover-hill*,
Surveying round the wondrous Skill,
In forming *Tempe* at his Will.
Says *Palmer Jack* bring t'other Bottle,
His Wife and *Thomſon*, let us prattle,
And let them know that we can rattle.
Says *Mitchelburne*, towards Noon,
You quit your Bottle too too ſoon;
The ſame ſaid *John* to *Knox*'s Son.
Say Lady to Sir *Richard Gethin*,
That Tulip, Sir, is a pretty Play-thing.
Says *Johny* Alderman *Macarroll*,
I hate a Horſe of Colour Sorrel;
Give me a Man and Horſe that's ſound,
A Man that will a Rebel wound.
Says *Thomas Pierce*, at Rump of Beef,
I hate that Monſter like a Thief.
Says Lawyer *Anthony Malone*,
Juſt come from *France*, and croſt the *Rhone*,
To *Woffington*, Eſq; call'd *Thomas*,
I don't approve Sir of *Prince Thamas*.
Says *Pocklington*, as good a Man
As ever held a Flask or Can,
To *Thomas Trotter* from the Bench,
I love that Man, love you a Wench,
Eat you of Fleſh, I'll taſte of Tench.

Says Esq; *Robert Donaldson*,
Look at that Man like a Baboon.
Says *Isaac Ambrose*, Man of Right,
I'll hunt all Rogues quite from my Sight.
Says *Ben. Pineau*, as he was dancing
In manner sober, but a prancing.
Says *Huddleston* Esq; why so?
Are you become a Country Beau?
Says *Lucas Dowling*, Stationer,
To Col. *Batereau*, good Sir.
And *Charles Burn* bring a Bottle,
And *Galbruth Humphry*, let us rattle.
Says *Eaton Stannard*, Man of Learning,
Between what's Right and Wrong discerning,
To *Hoddard Roberts* Esq; why
Have you made that your Destiny?
I love you, *Roberts*, says good *Stannard*,
I'll hunt with you unto *Clonard*.
Says *Thomas Elrington* in haste,
Bring on that Farce, you have no Taste.
Says *Layfield* unto *Vanderbank*,
We'll all attack them in a Rank.
Says *Elrington*, I now do hope
To see that Fellow swing in Rope.
Says *Griffith* with a pretty Air,
I love Squire *Elrington* the rare,
His Actions are all Debonair.
Say all in merry Comedy,
We'll act it as a Tragedy.

Says

Says *Charles Lambert* unto *Cavan*,
We'll hunt the Rebels out of *Navan*.
Says *Colthurſt Langton* have a care,
There is not a Rebellion there.
Says *Thomas Corker* Eſq; where
Have you been taking of the Air?
Say all, Sir, why, what is the matter?
Down with Breeches and drive at her.
Says *William Hendrick* unto *Hector*
Pain Eſq; is that Man rector.
Say all, pray call in Major *Stuart*,
'Tis he that ſail'd with Captain *Leward*:
His Brother is Rear Admiral,
On Board at Sea of *Cornwal*:
Men of Honour, Courage, Merit,
Not void of Senſe, nor void of Spirit,
For Joys eternal to inherit.
Says *Richard Tighe* Eſq; from Council
Board, where is, Sir, Mr. *Monſell*?
Says *Parry* Eſq; *Benjamin*
Unto Squire *Richard*, 'tis no Sin
To hunt with you on *Venus* Green.
Says *Parry* unto Mr. *Dick*,
Let's fly to *Venice*, be you quick.
Says *Dick*, *Ben. Parry*, you have heard,
To whom I there had a Regard.
Says *Somerville* called Alderman,
To *Henry Daniel*, if you can
Bring Sir *Hore* the jolly Man.

Says *William Tighe* Esq; who's there?
'Tis whom you know, the Debonair.
Says *St. George*, *Curtis*, *Geaghagan*,
And *Southby* Esq; join with them;
We'll do, says all, just what we can.
Says *Dowdall James* in Procreation,
Pregnant Knight and Baronet,
And for the Sake of Propagation,
Heroick great, and Man of Might.
Oh! Heart of Oak, thou Lord of *Santry*,
You'd drive the Pope and popish Crew,
All Rebels, *French*, and *Spaniards* too,
From peeping at the Bay of *Bantry*.
You *Mountjoy*, *Tighe*, and *St. George* too,
And all the gallant Men ye know,
Wou'd shake the Capital of *Rome*,
And make the Pope and Papists foam,
To see the Ruin of that Dome.
Sir *Compton Domville* come and join in Chorus,
And *Southwell* Lord, the Matter's all before us,
We'll make the Capitol fit for a Store-house:
Honour always joins you Hand in Hand,
Noble Deeds are still at your Command.
Your joyful Seats are joyful Seats of Love,
And you and they are handed from above,
And you and they never will remove.
How happy are we all, Sirs, of this Nation,
Blest with great *Dorset* fixed in his Station!

A Bulwark, Rock, a Pillar, Ornament,
To us, to all, from Heaven to us ſent,
His Grace's Goodneſs darts thro' Firmament.
May he and his, and deareſt Dutcheſs be,
All happy here, and there to vaſt Eternity.
Says *Edmond Soden* to his Son,
We'll drink till Skies are red at Noon.
Says *Cunningham* and *Bryan* his Brother,
And *Chidley* too, you make a Pother,
And *Jemmy Eccles* in the Gout,
Come drink, my Lads, we'll ſee it out.
Say *Anderſon* the frank Attorney,
And *Draycott* too, and *Johnny Dillon*,
And *Hen. Couran*, Sirs, that's bonny,
We'll fly unto the Top of *Sion*.
Say *Bowden John*, and eke his Brother,
And *Georgy Taaffe* juſt ſuch another.
But ſays Sir *Alexander Carroll*,
We'll roar up, Sirs, a *Chriſtmas* Carrol.
Says *Georgy Moſſe*, all fluſh'd with Wine,
And *Henry Dennis*, Sirs, that's fine.
But *Topham Mitchell* looking round,
And *William Dennis* on the Ground,
Spake unto *Alexander Graydon*,
As unto pretty Miſſy *Hayden*.
Say *Clynch* and *Fenner Robert James*,
And *Jacob*, *George* and *Samuel Owens*,
We'll take a ſtride acroſs the *Thames*.
John Burrows Eſq; ſays to *Scriven*,
Beſure you bear all your Cups even,
The Day is ſhort, 'tis growing Even:

But ſays gay, pleaſant *Michael Barry*,
And *Lancelott Fiſher* I am ſorry,
That *Johnny Revett* did not marry.
Says *Matthew Reilly* we'll be merry,
With a Glaſs of the richeſt Sherry,
And Dulneſs in Oblivion bury.
Says *Edw. Dillon* unto *Sumner*,
And *William Johnny* unto *John Ker*.
Says *Jemmy Reilly* unto *Harſtonge*,
And *Chriſty Cadwell* you're a rare one.
Says *Johnny Carty* unto *Frank*
Andrews I will cloſe your Rank.
Says *Chriſty Revett* unto *Warren*,
Edw. Jones and *Smith* to *Coghlan*,
Sullivan upright we'll hang.
But ſays the gay and ſplendid *Shilling*,
At *London* Tavern I am willing
To drink with *Laughlin Kage* a Shilling.
Says *Parry* Eſq; unto *Howard*,
And *Parſons* too, I hate a Coward.
Says *Jemmey Brown* the Junior Lad,
And *Samuel Waller* Wine's not bad;
But ſays Sir *Aleck Carleton*,
We'll drink, by *Jove*, till Afternoon.
But looking round, ſays *William Sandys*,
I'm ſorry *Lullum* had the Jaundice.
Raiſe your Souls, ſays *Jemmy Horan*,
With Floods of Wine, I'll leave no Score on,
And *Johnny Cooke* I'll join with you,
A jolly boon Companion too.

Says

Says *Johny Richards* let us dance;
Says *Billy Keane* I'll firſt advance:
Says all, bring us our Wine from *France*,
Let them live on their Liquors *Nantz*.
O! *Acton* Strain of *Helicon*,
And *Vincent* in the Afternoon,
And *Robert Curtis* Eſq; too,
We'll drink until the Skies are blue.
Says *Hen. Kemp* Eſq; and *Longfield*,
I love the noble Name of *Cranfield*.
Says *Johnny*, honeſt *Johnny King*,
Let's take a Turn in the Ring.
And *William Marſhall* of the Army,
And *Warren Taylor* we'll diſarm you.
Carous'd with Wine, ſays *Dillon James*,
And *Georgy Harris* upon *Thames*.
And *Robert Harris* we will dance,
On board on float, but not to *France*.
Says *Broughton Robert* unto *Stanly*
Edward, let us all be manly.
Oh! *Aylward*, *Aylward*, drink no more;
Says *Richard Geering*, none on ſcore,
You make me laugh till I am ſore.
Says *Burton* Junior unto *John*,
And *Charles Goddard*, pray laugh on.
And *Richard Johnſton* unto *Darling*,
And *Samuel Richard* thou'rt a Darling.
Says *William* Senior to Junior *Knox*,
We'll fly from Danger, as Seamen, Rocks.

Says

Says *Tucker* Esq; *George* to *Dudgeon*,
That *Scriven*, Sir, is but a Gudgeon.
As Sher. City *Dublin*, we
The Law we'll trace, and Vices flee,
In hopes to live eternally.
Says *Pat. Mullan*, give me Paper,
Or I will on you draw my Rapier.
Says *Peter Daly* mind the Law,
Or, by *Hercules*, I'll break your Jaw.
Says *William Hughes* unto *Doyle*,
And *Charles* too, the Joak we'll spoil.
But *Thomas Vise* as sweet a Lad,
As ever was in Tissue clad,
We'll make them drink till they're all mad.
Says *Gabriel Johnston* the good Man,
And *Pollard Bowyer* with his Can,
And *Chidley* too, the jolly Freeman,
We'll drink it out, Sirs, while we can.
And *Chidley* Junior with his Flute,
I'll sing, and tune, but shan't be mute,
That and my Temper do not suit.
Says *Trevors* Lawyer at the Bar,
Speak Law, don't rail and never jar.
But *Dicky Dowdall* with his Pipe,
I'll sing and puff; catch you a Snipe,
Don't break *Corneen*'s Tobacco-Pipe.
Says *Johnny Lowder*, jolly Rogue,
To *C*-----*n*, he's a Knavish Toad;
Says *Curtis*, let him take the Road.

Says

Says *Curtis John*, Sir, that's good Snuff,
In his Eyes an handful puff;
Says *Thomson*, Sir, that's not enough.
But *Jemmy Nixon* taking pity,
Says to *Crookshanks*, I'll not quit you.
Says honest, jolly *Merrifield*,
We'll thwack the Dogs in Battle's Field,
And make 'em like *Tallard* to yield.
Says *Edward Tertius* called *Edward*,
And *Foley* too, Sir, that's a hard Word,
But soften it, Sir, with a Custard.
But says *John Williams* unto *Guilliams*,
M. change for N. tho' it be Millions.
Says *Veitch* Esq; the Man of Wit,
And Conduct too that *Bullock* hit.
Says *Walter Barret* unto *Brown*,
James says the same, that Man's a Clown.
Say *Samuel White* and *Johnny Watson*,
And *Michael Shield*, pray where is *Thomson*.
Says *Forbes John* the Lawyer mild,
In Wit and Wisdom not a Child.
Your Bill, says *Noy*, Sir, it is filed,
But *Edward Noy* says Cakes are spoiled.
Says *Daniel*, Sir, the honest Man,
I'll hamper him like *Sullivan*,
And *Thomson* do it if you can.
Salvitur acris Hiems grata vice veris & favoni,
Trahuntque siccas Machinæ Carinas. Hor.
Says *Johnny Dennis*, Sir, approach,
'Tis no bad Fish, tho' it be *Roache*.

Says Counſel *Purdon*, in Juſtice armed,
The Pope and Papiſts are diſarmed.
Says *Roche* Eſq; d--- your Blood,
You know not when Wine's bad or good.
Says Captain *Brabazon* to Lord *Meath*,
My Sword beſure I ſhall not ſheath,
While Pope, and *France*, and *Spain* do breathe.
Says Counſel *Lindſey*, at the Battle,
I thought the Pope and they were Cattle,
Aſſes all, not fit to prattle.
Z----s, bring me hither *Naſh* and *Euſtace*,
Counſellors for Sake of Juſtice.
Says Counſel *Robins* unto *Bernard*,
Stephen too, and *William Howard*,
Thomas called for a Blackbird.
Says *Farren* Eſq; what's the Matter?
And *Jemmy White*, you me beſpatter;
And *John* ſirnamed *Kennedy*,
To *Thomas Brown* you're very gay.
Now *John Ruſſel* Admiral,
Burn the Pope, *France*, *Spain*, and all,
The D---l take them great and ſmall:
We'll make 'em recollect the Day,
That Royal *Betty* rul'd the Sea,
Which makes them ever rue that Day.
Says *Burgh*, *Jack Johnſon* unto *Johnſton*,
The ſame ſaid *Johnſton Bob* to *Bateman*,
By all that's good, Sir, you're a great Man.
Says *Beneditto*, 'midſt his Muſick,
This Muſick, Sir, will make but few ſick.

Says

Says *Callaghan* to *Arthur Mervin*,
Lawyers, great Sirs, that is good Wine.
Says *Nehemiah Donnellon*,
To *Seymore Pile* that gallant Man.
Says *Henry Kennedy* Eſq; run,
Before the dipping of the Sun,
Our ſelves with *Florence* we will tun.
Says *Monſell* Eſq; *William* too,
And *Charles Lambart* we're too few,
To co-unite till Skies are blue.
Says *Samuel Lee* Eſq; in haſte,
And *Dillon Hampſon* Eſq; taſte,
And Eſq; *Jones* we'll make no waſte.
Says *Henry Clements* Eſq; too,
And Colonel *Irwin*, here's to you.
How now, ſays *Richard Evelin*,
That Man is ſtabbed with a Javelin:
And *Robert Legg*, he legged a Dance,
The Ladies thought they were in *France*.
Says Squire *William Warring* glad,
And *Francis North*, the News not bad.
Says *William Goold*, Helyconian Youth,
And *Humphry Butler* ſpeaking Truth:
And *Radford* Eſq; 'tis Wine and glorious Wine,
And *Boſtick Radford* too, that makes our Faces ſhine.
Says *Johnny Dun* and *Billy Neal*,
Do you eat Beef, I'll eat Veal.
Says Eſq; *Robins*, not the Lawyer,
Tripping to Court, do not deſtroy her.

Says *Jemmy Mills* the fair Attorney,
And *Jonny Sweeny* take your Journey.
Says *William Lowder* unto *Jackman*,
St. Laurence Bowden do not track Man.
Says *Nicholas Ward* Esq; come fish,
Some Carp well dressed in a Dish.
Says *Tommy Jones* just crossing Strand,
And *Loftus Jones*, do you command;
If so, Sir, I'll buy other Land.
But says *Dan. Bryan* very grave Sir,
And *Mynchin* Lawyer, Paper save Sir.
But says *Wat. Joice* just come from *Galway*,
That Nag, Sir, is a bonny Galway.
Says *Mark White* to *Johnny Downing*,
And *William Richardson* just on wooing,
And Esq; *Richardson*, are Horses shewing.
Says *St. George* Esq; Counsel too,
And *Huddleston* the Wines but new.
Says *Edward Stanly* bring a Bottle,
Brigandine says, pray make it double.
Says Counsellor *Harry Coddington*,
Is that Town yours *Portarlington*?
I may ride till the Afternoon,
And drink a Bottle over soon.
Says Counsel *Broadstreet*, midst of *James*-street,
We'll thrash the *French* and *Spanish* Plate Fleet.
Says *Aleck Boswell* very grave,
And *Joseph Bury* Money save.
Says Counsel *Morton* hearty Man,
To *Johnston John* Esq; drink on,
'Tis not yet, Sir, the Afternoon.

Says Counsel *Emery* unto *Scott*,
We have disclosed the Popish Plot.
Says Counsel *Bull* to Counsel *Clements*,
This Breef with Cause it just contents.
Says noble Esq; *Brabazon*,
And *Harrold* Lawyer from *Ballsoon*,
I hope poor *Usher* has not done.
Says Counsel *Blake* receiving Fee,
That is, Sir, my Felicity,
And *Thomas Edwards* drink with me.
Says *Enoch Lavory* and *Wakeir*,
And *George Ormsby*, the Wine's in Chalice,
We'll drink with them, but won't them fleece.
Says *Maurice*, jolly *Maurice Wall*,
We'll drink Wine till there's none at all.
Says *Andrew Charlton* very smart,
Are you, good Sir, pray, *Charles Stuart*?
W'ell revel, sing, and rout, and dance,
But not as *Frenchmen* frisk and prance.
Says Counsel *Reilley* at the Bar,
Is that Spot on his Breast a Scar?
Says *Bruno Brown* to *Edward Humphrys*,
And *Alech Fletcher*, are these Lampreys?
Says *Johnny Speer* to *Jemmy Stuart*,
And Esq; *Dawson*, let them sue for't.
Says *Gibbons* Junior, Esq; too,
And *Coursey Ireland* Esq; true.
Says *George Stepney* Esq; great,
Let Love and Wine our Cases state.

Says

Says *Grantham Richards* Eſq; dancing,
And *Iſy Brown* juſt a prancing.
Says *Thomas Ward* to *Nicholas Richards*,
Are you related to the *Pritchards*?
Says *Henry Collins* to *Robin Dillon*,
And *Richard Burk* to *Johnny Hogan*.
And *Richard Young* and *Richiſon*,
And *John* let us drink him down.
Says *Thwaits* Eſq; and *William Fenner*,
That Rogue is a wicked Sinner.
Says *Thwaits* again let's tack his Rump,
And bliſter him with oaken Stump,
And waſh his Brains at Water Pump.
Says *Patrick Kirk* and Eſq; *Thomas*,
You hunt *Duanny Francis* from us.
Pray mind him, Sirs, he makes you Truſſes,
To qualify you for the Laſſes.
Says *Jemmy Ennis*, *Harry Pierce*,
And *William Weſt* thoſe Rogues are fierce.
Says *Thomas Bryan* unto *Murray*
Carruks Matthews Man will marry,
And be hang'd e're he be ſorry.
Says honeſt, jolly, *Jemmy Flack*,
Bring here that Bottle, be not ſlack,
With you another I will crack.
Says *Thomas White* and *Billy Clark*,
That Lad, Sir, is a merry Spark,
He ſings as ſweet as any Lark.
Says *William Holt*, in Lawyers Hall,
The Counſellor, we'll have a Ball.

But *William Holt* and *Francis Lacy*,
They do report that we are lazy.
Says *Richard Nelſon* come to Court,
Or with a pretty Lady ſport.
Says *Piercy Brett* the jolly Lad,
I hate your Muſhroons, yes, by Dad.
Stop, Sir, ſays *Ben. Pineau* th' Attorney,
You ſhall commence another Journey.
But ſays fair *Jemmy Sullivan*,
To Counſellor *Darcy*, if you can
Come to me i'th' Afternoon,
And we ſhan't part ſo very ſoon.
Says *William Coultis* what's the Matter,
Says Doctor *Golbourne*, pray be grave, Sir.
Says *Johnny Reilley* let us fly,
And ſee what's in the Eaſtern Sky.
Says *Blennerhaſſet* Counſellor,
A frank and free Companion here,
Your Voice is like a Trumpet's, Sir.
Says *Keating* Counſel, unto him,
Fill up the Punch-Bowl to the Brim.
Says *Henry Aſton* Eſq; too,
And *Pat. Miller*, who are you?
Says *Law White* in Latin Verſe,
The Lawyers you muſt not aſperſe;
But *Thomas Holt* reading his Breef,
I hate that Monſter like a Thief.
The ſame ſaid *Chaleñer Ned* in Verſe,
You muſt the ſame Things re-rehearſe.

Says

Says *Ambroſe Kane* you jolly Rogues,
Drive round your Glaſs, we'll thwack the Dogs,
Says *Humphry Skerret* coming home,
We made the *French* cry oh! oh! hone!
And *Spaniards* too were all undone.
Says Eſq, *Johnſton William* dance,
See how the Monſieurs all do prance,
And *Cooper William* ſee the advance.
Says *Francis Coughlan* boon Companion,
Put into Soop, Cook, a good Onyon.
Says *Thomas Rone* give me Geneva,
That's a good Dram, Sir, will you have a.
Says *Charles Atkinſon* let's go,
And *Aleck Linch* to *Tanrego*.
Says *Boſwell James*, don't hurt my Toe.
Says *Enoch Sterne* at Council Board,
Of *French* or *Spaniards* not a Word,
I'll be the firſt will draw my Sword.
Says *Robinſon George* Man of Honour,
I'll fight, Sirs, under *Britain*'s Banner;
And *Meredith* Sir *Thomas* too,
And *Peggatt John* I'll join with you.
Sir *Compton Domville* as he ſail'd,
Sung *England*'s Glory never fail'd,
May all its Glories be entail'd,
And Glories in it be reveal'd.
Says *Richard Lambart* unto *St. George*,
Baron *St. George* you're a *St. George*,
Your Soul's in Wine, you all may gorge.

Says

Says Lord *Sackville*, noble Birth,
We'll hunt *Mock-James*, Sir, from the *Firth*,
And hunt all wicked ſpawn from *Perth*.
Says *Bradford Ben*. Apothecary,
But *Meade* replied, *Par*. pray carry
This Wine, then tell another Story.
Says Counſel *Meade* come from the Bar,
Juſt come from a Lady's Care,
To *Bindan Henry* call the Cook,
Keep off, Sir, ſuch a noted Rooke,
Say all, juſt ſpeaking all in Rhime,
He ſhall not, Sirs, make any Soop,
And tho' that Rhime be not in time,
Let that rank Soop be ſent to Pope.
Says *Armſtrong*, with Arm-ſtrong,
We'll thraſh the *French* and do no Wrong.
Says *King* Eſq; *King* unto *Hacket*,
We'll catch that Wench, Sir, by the Placket,
I'll leap with Joy, Sir, to be at it.
Says *Edward Ware* of him beware,
Says *Edward*, him, Sir, do not fear.
Ignatius ſays unto *Oll. Blake*,
The firſt, the laſt are Counſels *Blake*,
The third comes in a Counſel *Blake*.
Says *Ter. Magrath* is that, pray, Rhime, Sir?
You muſt, you know, make Things to chime
Says *Johnny Healy*, at the Battle, [Sir.
Is that the Man, Sir, ſits at Wall?
Says ſmart and clever *Edwin Sandys*,
Does *Lodge*, Sir, cure the Yellow-Jaundice?

Says *Francis Lodge* to *Dicky Terry*,
We'll drink of *Champaign*, *French*, or *Sherry*,
Till our Hearts are very merry,
And Dulneſs in Oblivion bury.
Says *Joſeph Robbins* Eſq; where, Sir,
To drink your Wine do you repair, Sir?
Says *Nicholas Hawkes* come let us rattle,
And *Edmond Dempſy*, as at Bottle.
Says *Edmond Noble* unto *Bull*,
I'll hit that Raſcal croſs the Scull.
William Ludlow, Lawyer, laughing,
And *Richard Trench* the Lawyer quaffing,
And Lawyer *Tyſdall William* drink,
We'll drown our idle Thoughts in Drink.
Says Captain *William Brabazon*,
And *James* the Son of *Nicholſon*,
Come ſwitch and ſpur, the Fox is gone.
Says *William Gallagher*, *Thomas Hilla*,
Lay your Head, Sir, on the Pillow.
Says *Burleigh* unto *Higginbottom*,
We'll rowl her round and feel her Bottom.
Says *Chriſty Carleton* unto *Griffith*,
We'll make both *Spain* and *France* eat their Teeth.
Says honeſt, jolly *William Towers*,
Six-Clerk juſt from *Woodſtock*-Bowers;
And *George Brown* ſays, Sir, won't you drink,
And make their Heads like Rattles clink.

Says

Says *Frank* Lord Baron *Athunree*,
To jolly Baron *St. George*, ſee
How Captain *Uſher* joins with me.
Says *Edward Matthews* called *Kit Irwin*,
From *Rochfield* cheering Liquors bring,
Says *Thomas Tours* curſe light on you,
And Colonel *Shepherd* I think 'tis true.
Says Shepherd *Anthony* pray guard your Sheep,
Leaſt we a hunting thro' 'em creep.
But ſays magnanimous Lord *Meath*,
All now is Peace, your Swords all ſheath:
Howe'er, ſaid *Tom*, come t'other Bottle,
And when that's out, or each his Bottle.
Says *Dick Delane*, the brisk Attorney,
To *Francis Blake*, commence the Journey;
Says Lawyer, ſtop, to Bottle turn you.
Says honeſt, jolly *William Gaven*,
I'll ride no Horſe that has the Spavin.
Says *Henry Leckey* Attorney quick,
I'll pierce him to the very quick.
Robin Cook quotes *Cook's* Reports,
And now and then he hunts and Sports.
Says *Thomas Lee* to Eſq; *Darcy*,
Nicholas, Sir, you love t' have Mercy.
Says Captain *Edward Brereton*,
Honour's Honour ne'er too ſoon;
And *Twiſden* Eſq; joining him,
We'll fill the Punch-Bowl up to Brim.
Say all, pray find out *Leganier*,
That Man of Honour few are finer.

B---d, Z---ns, and Death, ſay all, let's dance,
And hunt the *French* and *Spaniards* thence,
And teach them how the *Britains* fence.
Says *Warren* Eſq; unto *Compton*
Charles, *George* let's viſit *Hampton*;
Let's take along good Prince *Paſſau*,
A Man, Sir, without Crack or Flaw.
Says *Brown John* Eſq; unto *Taylor*,
Colonel, Colonel, Sirs, that's brave Sir,
Says Colonel *Butler* all is fair, Sir.
Says *Lullum Battwell* unto *Auſtin*,
And *Thomas Brown*, *George* Wine, Sir, is thin.
Says *Farrel* Eſq; quoting *Cook*
On *Littleton*, with modeſt Look,
Says he, where's Brief, to *Vipond Luke*.
Says *Terence Egan* here it is,
Chaſhiers, Sirs, in a Diabetis.
Says Captain *Freeman*, never doubt,
French and *Spaniards* we will rout.
Says *Richard Sherlock*, Counſellor,
To *Thomas* Eſq; *Cook* at Bar,
The Court and we do ſeldom jar.
Says *Edward Smith*, ſucceeding *Edward*
King of *Britain*, that's a bad Word.
Says *William Naſh*, the Lawyer ſmart,
The popiſh Pope from *Rome* we'll cart,
Says Major *Folliott*, looking round,
On Scituation of the Ground;
Says he, attack the *French* on Right,
And flank their Left, and in Deſpite

Of

Of *Spaniards* we'll them *Tallardize*,
But not with Ale and Mutton Pyes,
Let meagre Soop them but ſuffice.
Says *Mergau Menca* in the Battle,
I hear the Kettle-Drums all rattle.
Said *Phelim Barnaby* I hear,
The Sound of our own Trumpeter.
Says *Magrath Terence* drenching Quill,
And Commiſſary *Wall* at Will,
John Sterling Eſq; fill your Glaſs,
And Captain *Harry Cunningham*,
That Pictures in a pretty Frame,
Bring hither, Sir, a pretty Laſs,
United Club that Toaſt did paſs.
Says Captain *Barry* Heavens guide you,
Acroſs the Hogſhead ſit, pray ſtride you.
Says Honourable *Richard Mercer*,
What the De'el is become of *Farfarr*.
Says Honourable Sir *John Smith*,
The Pope, Sir, ſtruck out his Eye-teeth.
Says Lieutenant Colonel *Fitzgerald*,
In Field of Battle never rail hard.
Says *Dunſcomb George* Eſq; pray, where is
Says *Nicholas Loftus* Eſq; there he's.
To *London*-Tavern all they went,
In moſt unanimous Conſent,
And Guineas round they freely ſpent.
Says *William Leeſon* Eſq; looking
As ſharp at Brief as a Man ſhooting.

Says

Says *Johnny Wakefield* Esq; drink,
Stir round the Wine, on it let's think.
Says noble *William Harrison*,
That is a noble Garrison;
And *John Sheen* Esq; I am glad,
That we with that good Wine are clad,
We'll rouse our Souls, and ne'er be sad:
And Captain *Spranger* joining them,
We'll do what they call *re in rem*,
In hopes, Sir, of a noble Spem.
Says *Tom. Fitzgerald* Esq; dancing,
And Esq; *Aleck Nesbit* chancing
To meet them all in Country-dancing,
Last Word's the Rhime, but why not prancing?
Says *Kentish* Captain *Edward Thomson*,
As bold a Man as e'er was *Sampson*,
Tho' be not compleat his Grandson.
Says *William* Junior, Esq; *Knox*,
I fear that Man, Sir, has the Pox,
Says *Laughlin Naughton* shun a Fox.
Says *Benjamin* Sir *Barrington*,
And *Latouche* Junior, Senior's Son,
We'll meet you in the Afternoon,
My Father goes to Tavern soon.
Says *William Mahon* Esq; where
Is *Johnny Finlay*? Sir, he's there.
Says Captain *Wheeler Barrington*,
And Capitane *Richardus Madden*,
And Captain *Timothy Warburton*,
We'll Sing, and dance, and laugh, and sport on.

Says

Says *Robert Roberts* Eſq; where
Is *Will. Fitzgerald* Eſq; there?
Says *James Fitzgerald* Eſq; go on,
Acroſs the *Thames* let us all row on.
Says *William Cauſland* Eſq; bonus,
That Muſick makes a noble ſonus.
Mc. Manus Eſq; ſays at Bar,
To *Dick Malone* the Counſellor,
A Man ſo greatly vers'd in Knowledge,
He makes Quotations from the College.
Says *Richard* Junior, hopeful Man
At Bar like Father, Gentleman;
And *Michael Reeves* juſt then attending,
The adverſe Lawyers there contending;
And *Colebeck Robert* at Caſtle Office,
In Caſtle-Court, Sir, I pray write this.
Says *Farrell Montague* on *Thames*,
And Eſq; noble *William Grahams*,
And *Natty Clements* juſt at hand,
We ſhall obſerve the Word Command.
Says *Alexander* call'd *Mc. Clintock*,
To *Francis Woodly* you have great Luck.
Says he, Sir, *David* Eſq; ſpeaking,
And *Latouche* Junior *David* making
Heſitation on the Matter,
I, Sir, ſhall ne'er my Father flatter.
Says *Thomas Croker* drinking Wine,
At *London*-Tavern, juſt at Nine.
Says *Forbes* Eſq; *John* at Bar,
That Quotation's brought from far.

And *Charles Phibbs* juſt come to Caſtle;
Thoſe two Men do tightly wreſtle.
And *William Howard* come from *Long ford*,
And ſpeaking Law to Mr. *Sandford*.
Says *Cotter James* and *Jemmy French*,
And *Jemmy Roth* that Fiſh is Tench.
Come let us drink, Courage in Wine,
And good Uſe make of preſent Time,
Let all our Names, Sirs, chime in Rhime.
Says *Francis Glaſſcock* juſt at Court,
That Man and you have made ſome Sport.
Say *Charles Powell* t' *Iſaac Dobſon*,
Eſq; we'll join with Colonel *Jobſon*,
And *Johnny Graham* jolly Fellow
Who takes a Glaſs till he is mellow.
Says Mr. *Edward Richardſon*,
And *Edward Barret* you come ſoon.
Says *Medlicott* Eſq; call'd *Thomas*,
And *Harvey Sale* we'll drink till *Lammas*.
Says *Harriſon*, Sir, Eſq; *James*,
And *Edward Sale* we'll ſail to Rhimes.
Says hearty, jolly Man *Roſs Fox*,
Jemmy Medlicott ſtaunch as Rocks,
Let *Manus Corneen* get the Pox.
Says *Richard Nuttall* in great haſte,
Of oaten Meal he's made his Paſte,
Bring here the Wine, it let us taſte.
But ſays *Mc. Carty* Eſq; *Florence*
To *Blake* Eſq; that Wine's not *Florence*.

Ignatius

Ignatius looking round at *Richards*,
And *Arthur Thomſon*, I hate Niggards.
And *Robert Jeſſop* to *William Carroll*,
And *Jemmy Wallace* to *Johnny Terril*.
Says Eſq; *William Todd* from Country,
We'll wait juſt now upon Lord *Sautry*.
And *James Mc. Manus* ſecond Time,
Lord *Riverſtown* we'll put in Rhime.
But ſays the Lord call'd *Drogheda*,
We'll croſs the *Boyn* by break of Day.
Says *Daniel Grady* taking Glaſs,
We'll catch at the firſt pretty Laſs.
Says Squire *John Carr* juſt at the Glaſs,
Here is to, Sir, the fineſt Laſs.
Says witty, pretty *Betteſworth*,
In evidence he ſetting forth.
And *Ryan Johnny* looking round,
Had rais'd his Eyes juſt from the Ground;
But *Neddy Willſon* laughing at him,
Dam him, Rattle, dam him, ram him.
Says noble Colonel *Richard Tonſon*,
Unto Sir gallant *Harriſon*;
And Captain *Adams* to Lieutenant *Hunter*,
Do you know, Sir, Captain *Gunter*?
Says *Parry Benjamin* from Caſtle,
The Law and you will tightly wreſtle:
I ſpoke of you in Council Chamber,
To Juſtices, are you the ſame, Sir?
Says *Roulſton Humphrys* Eſq; going,
To hunt, Sir, after that ſo wooing.

Says *Nixon* Eſq; *David* merry,
This Sherry makes us very merry,
Call in, pray Sir, *Richard Terry*.
Says *Richard Parſons* Lord of *Roſs*,
As good a Fellow as ever was.
Says Major *Francis* to Lord *Roſs*,
We'll tightly him in Blanket toſs;
And *Francis Santry* laughing at him,
We'll caſe his Carcaſs in a Cat's Skin.
Says *Porter John* Eſq; on Change,
We'll Juſtice give him in his Range.
Says *John* the Attorney called *Leear*,
And *Donagh Luke* he's no Southſeer.
But ſays Lord *Mayo* called *Burk*,
I hate a Ruffin as a *Turk*.
Says Counſel *Tench* reading his Brief,
That Fellow's known void of Relief.
Says *Gardiner Luke* juſt in his Garden,
Unto Sir *Thomas* we will Lord him;
The Treaſury's my chiefeſt Care,
Things ſhall be there, Sir, debonair,
And ſhall th' Accompts keep always clear,
The Front, Sir, ſhan't be in the Rear.
Says *Langford Hercules* unto *Rowley*,
And Colonel *Hatton* ſpeaking boldly,
We'll be advis'd by Sir *Magawley*.
Says *Weſt Anthony* the good Limner,
And *Patrick Caſſedy* the Scriv'ner.
Says *William Sullivan* of *Cork*,
And *Georgy Cole* we go to *York*.

Says

Says *Thomas Parker* unto *Johnſton*
William, pray Sirs, where is *Thomſon*?
Oh! dear, delightful Major *Palms*,
That clears all our Hearts from Qualms,
And ſoftens Storms into Calms.
Says *Francis Farrell* Eſq; where
Is *Johnny Morris*? Is he there?
Says *William Burk* to *Johnny Terrill*,
You loſt your Cane's, Sir, Silver Ferril.
Says *Stafford Cunningham* at Battle,
We'll thraſh the *French* and make 'em dam all.
Says brave and great Lord *Netterville*,
We'll hunt the *French* from *Muntreville*.
Says *John Fitz-maurice* Eſq; where's
The jolly Man, good *Lewis Mears*.
Says *Simeon Rouſe* Eſq; we'll rouſe
A Buck and ſoon in Wine carrouſe.
Says *Richard Willſon* Heaven guide you,
And *Robert Abner* none divides you.
Says *Georgy Brown* to *Jemmy Cotter*,
And *D. la Rue*, Sir, we'll attack her.
Some one calling *Jemmy Condon*,
To *Powell Robert* come to *Bandon*.
Says *Thomas Burgh* Counſel at Law,
In that, Sir, there is not a Flaw,
Indictment tho' be broke his Jaw.
Says *Blackeney Thomas* unto *Enraght*
Francis we'll ſail round to *Connaught*,
And laugh at them that at us laught.

Fitz-gerald

Fitz-gerald Thomas Lawyer ſtood,
Say what you will, the Wine is good.
Laughing ſays Sir *Jemmy Sexton*,
The tolling Bell is that comes next on.
Says *Myler John* to Eſq; *Sale*,
This Wine thro' City has great Sale,
Says *Sale* let's fail not, take your Meal.
Says *Francis Stoyte* Eſq; Recorder,
The *French* and *Spaniards* too cloſe border,
We'll hunt and drive 'em to Diſorder.
Says *Edmond Ryan* quaffing Wine,
To *Brunton Anthony* 'tis fine.
Says *Rowley Hill* Eſq; at Law,
In all my Brief there's not a Flaw,
I fear'd my Counſel broke his Jaw,
This Wine ſhall make you briskly thaw.

A SPECIMEN OF THOUGHT, &c.

TRudging once thro' *Temple-Bar*,
Not having *Ring's-end* Coach or Car,
There roared out a *Polyphemus*, (a)
Nec filius Romuli nec Remus, (b)
Roaring round the City Walls,
But bawling loud, for (c) *D---l* calls.
You Rogue, said he, where have you been,
Since I went last to *Stephen's*-Green?

(a) The Wooden Man.
(b) Sons of *Rhea Sylvia* called *Lupa* for her infamous Life.
(c) The Wooden Man's Servant.

Said *D----l*, Sir, you need not ask
What I've to do; drink off your Flask.
When you met, Sir, the *Wooden Man*,
This Morning, as I drank my Can,
You ſtartled were ſo much at Wood,
You gallop'd off, do what I cou'd;
I ſtraightway ran in queſt of you,
Thro' Streets, and Lanes, and Alleys too,
But *B--l--d* (*d*) grunting out aloud,
To *H----s*, he's got in the Croud;
Then raiſing up mine Eyes on high,
To ſee if him I cou'd eſpy,
At length I ſaw him thro' a Miſt,
Thumping *M---y* with his Fiſt:
Says *D----l*, Sir, I pray forbear,
Don't ſtrike the Man, Sir, have a care:
You're right, ſays he, I'm *Polyphemus*;
Howe'er, ſaid all, you muſt not maim us.
M---y beat both black and blue,
By *Polyphemus*, ſo ſay you;
The Bill prepar'd, was ſent to Jury,
By *D---l* drawn in Heat and Fury:
Then running up the *Tholſel* Stairs
To Jury-room, ſoon diſappears;
The Bill being found, makes *Remus* mad,
And then he roar'd, but ſoon grew ſad;
Evapourates into th' Air,
Leaſt Law with him ſhou'd interfere;

(*d*) An Attorney.

Then roving thro' th' empty Air,
Annihilated in Deſpair,
Was toſs'd from Pillar unto Poſt,
From *Eaſt* unto the *Weſtern* Coaſt;
From Pole Antarctick unto Arctick,
Thro' gloomy Regions to Air of *Africk*;
Then twirling in the open Air,
A Stranger in that Hemiſphere,
There Crouds of Atoms him ſurrounding,
With which that Air is ſtill abounding;
Then bawling loud, and roaring high,
Squeeks out, is this my Deſtiny?
What have I done? why am I here?
Oh! how ſhall I my Spirits chear?
Then growing bigger by Degrees,
Bawl'd out, you Rogues, I want my Fees:
His Noiſe ſo ecchoed in th' Air,
He rais'd a great Rebellion there;
Says *Taurus* to his Brother Signs,
Turn out this Monſter from our Climes:
No, no, ſays *Leo*, call a Jury,
To know from whence is ſprung this Fury:
They trapp'd him in a Whirlwind,
A Puniſhment for him aſſign'd.
Says *Scorpio*, I'm ſure it is the Miſt,
Or Ghoſt of tranſmigrating Fiſt;
'Tis he that us'd to bawl aloud,
And roar for *S*-----*s* in the Croud;
'Tis he that call'd for Rope and Ladder,
Like one that had been growing madder.

Says *Virgo*, we will have him out,
Let him procure ſome other rout;
Says *Jove*, it muſt be done by Law,
And carefully, without a Flaw;
Let Proceſs iſſue, ſign'd by Judge;
To want my Fees I ſha'not grudge.
Says *H*——*s*, I will have my Fees;
And curſing ſwore I'll pillage theſe;
I'm Catchpole 'tis well known in Town,
A Ruffian of but ſmall Renown:
Condemn'd he was for Year and Day,
To rove thro' th' empty Air aſtray:
So Tranſmigration chang'd his Nature,
He ſeem'd to grow another Creature,
Makes all by his Submiſſion mild,
From Monſter he's become a Child,
Then ſhewing Signs as of Repentance,
They ſuddenly revok'd his Sentence;
Away he flies, being rid of Chains,
His Body purg'd as well as Brains,
Both united down he rolls,
And bellow'd as when *Chriſt-Church* tolls.
Says *Jove*, on Reconſideration,
Pray call him back to his old Station;
In this, good Sirs, pray be not ſlack,
He muſt be thwack'd acroſs the Back,
And keenly tortur'd on the Rack,
In this your Office be not ſlack.
Says *Sagitarius*, wi' Bunch of Arrows,
I'll pierce him thro' the very Marrows;

But, says *Aquarius*, stop a while,
I'll sink him in the River *Nile*,
Say *Sagitarius* and *Aquarius*,
We'll splay his Buttocks tho' *Briareus*:
Says *Aries* with his double-Horn,
I'll Cuckold him e're it is Morn.
How now, says goatish *Capricorn*,
I'll mount his Maid and Wife e're Morn,
Near *Galaxy* or Fields of Corn,
And drub him till he is forlorn.
Says *Cancer* ulcer'd in the Cods,
I'll lash his A —— se with Birchen Rods.
Says *Pisces* with her stinking Fishes,
He has poison'd all our Pewter Dishes.
Says *Anser*, by *Gemini*, you are a sad Rogue,
By my Shoul I did she you speak with a Brogue.
Says *Venus*, Sirs, use Moderation,
In all your Actions without Passion:
I must I own be much surprized,
For less of that might have sufficed;
Therefore, good Sirs, prevent such Speeches,
You pierce us deeper than Lough-Leeches,
Attack the Ladies, down with B —— hes.
You must propose to have some Mercy,
Tho' h' ben't an Horse, yet h'ant the Farcy.
Ye know we reign thro' various Places,
Our Company are all the Graces;
We comfort all, both Great and Small,
Our Actions all reciprocal:

We raiſe their Souls in Floods of Love,
To change theſe Joys for Joys above.

ASTRÆA Implores Jupiter's *Audience, and of the Court in the* Galaxy.

SAYS *Libra*, then don't leave me out,
In Innocence I'll take my rout,
And ſplaſh him under Water Spout:
I therefore thought it but a Sin,
To put me out, not bring me in,
For Juſtice certainly muſt be divine.
Says *Libra* again, 'tis Weight and Meaſure,
'Tis unexhauſting laſting Treaſure,
Amaſſing Joys for ever to endure.
Says ſhe again reiterating,
Thoſe Monſters are capitulating,
As *Trojan* Wood at *Troy*'s Gate waiting.
Aſtræa ſoars, in Juſtice weighs,
See her exact and even Ways,
She ſparkles in her crimſon Rays.
She's beautiful, divinely fair,
Her Actions are all debonair:
She ſits exalted in that State,
Unalterable in her Seat,
For Juſtice to perpetuate.

My

My dying Soul obſerves above,
Such Joys as never can remove,
And oh! *Aſtræa*, oh! thee I'll ever love.
I ſee thee weighing Juſtice in the Scales,
As wafted by propitiatory Sails,
Thro' ſweet and furling, bright, delightful Gales.
Oh! how I waſte away for thee,
Thou joyful Span to vaſt Eternity,
Oh! may thy Joys be vaſt Felicity.

Upon VENUS.

AS once a ſtrolling by a Water Side,
And graſſy Meads, where purling Streams do glide;
Their lulling Murmurs did my Soul amaze,
To celebrate the deareſt *Celia*'s Praiſe;
I tun'd my Harp, and laid it by a Tree,
To ſee what might forebode my Deſtiny;
Entangl'd Thoughts did one another link,
And ſeem'd combin'd beyond what I can think,
And Drowſineſs had ſo o're-ſlumber'd me,
That inſtantly was drove to Extaſy:
I dreamt I ſaw fair *Celia* on Waters Bank,
As coupl'd with *Clarinda* in a Rank,
I ſhudder'd, ſwoon'd, and ſaid, the Gods had ſent
A Charmer for to eaſe my Puniſhment:

I rais'd on high, and bleſt th' Almighty Power,
That gave me growing Pleaſure ev'ry Hour:
I look'd, reflected, ſaw it was no Dream,
Mine Eyes were open by the Waters Stream.
I ſaw *Clarinda* and *Cælia* join'd in Arms,
Breathing ſweet and moſt delightful Charms;
When inſtantly drawn by a winged Steed,
Wafted *Aurora* in moſt delightful ſpeed,
When winged Morn had drawn the Curtain on,
And clos'd the Spaces where it firſt began.

Upon ASTRÆA. A POEM.

THOU glittering Star of Light,
Twinkling Day and Night,
Oh! Soul of light Divine,
Will you with me combine,
Tranſcending Joys abound,
Fluttering thee around,
Glance on me like the Sun,
In its Meridian;
The Gods have thee decreed,
For ever bleſt indeed,
Advancing Happineſs,
Of Everlaſtingneſs;

When

When is that happy Day,
When we're to range away,
Or ſhall commence our Play.
Oh! thou divinely fair,
Approaching Joys appear,
With thee ſhan't I be bleſt,
Oh! Pleaſure of my Reſt;
I ſurely hope to ſee,
Eternal Joys with thee;
Tho' diſtant as th' *Eaſt*,
Or *North* is from the *Weſt*,
Or *South* is from the *Pole*,
Thou do'ſt my Thoughts controul,
Oh! Comfort of my Soul.

Non opibus aut honoribus vitam beatam effici.

ODI profanum vulgus, et arceo,
Favete linguis, Carmina ne prius
Auditu, Musarum Sacerdos,
Virginibus, Puerisq; canto.
Regum timendorum in proprios greges
Reges in ipsos Imperium est Jovis
Clari Gitanteo triumpho,
Cuncta Supercilio moventis.
Est ut Viro Vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis: hic generosior
Descendat in Campum Petitor:
Moribus hic meliorq; fama.
Contendat: illi turba Clientum
Sit major. Æquâ lege *necessitas*
Sortitur Insigneis, & imos,
Omne Capax movet urna Nomen.
Districtus Ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non siculæ dapes
Dulcem Elaborabunt Saporem:
Non avium Citharæque Cantus
Somnum reducent, Somnus agrestium
Lenis Virorum non humileis domos
Fastidit, umbrosamq; ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat Mare
Nec sævus Arcturi Cadentis
Impetus, aut Orientis Hædi;

Non

That a Man is not made happy by Riches and Honour, but peace of Mind.

I Hate Lay-vulgar: Make no Noiſe,
Room for a Prieſt of *Helicon*:
I ſing to noble Girls and Boys,
Such Verſes as were never known.
Feared Kings command on their own Ground,
The King commanding Kings is *Jove*,
Whoſe Arms the Giants did confound,
Whoſe awful Brow doth all things move.
One Man may be a greater Lord
Of Land than other: This may ſhew
A nobler Pedigree: A third
In Parts and Fame may both outgo:
A fourth in Clients outvie all.
Neceſſity in a vaſt Pot,
Shuffling the Names of Great and Small,
Draws every one's impartial Lot.
Over whoſe Head hangs a drawn Sword,
Him cannot pleaſe a royal Feaſt:
Nor Melody of Lute or Bird,
Give to his Eyes their wonted reſt.
Sleep, gentle Sleep, ſcorns not the poor,
Abiding of the Ploughman: Loves
By Sides of Rivers, Shades obſcure,
And rock't with *Weſt*-Winds, *Tempe* Groves.
That Man to whom enough's enough,
Not raging Seas trouble his Head,
Not fell *Arcturus* ſetting rough,
Nor Fury of the riſing *Kid*.

Not

Non verberatæ grandine Vineæ,
Fundusq; mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc Hæmei iniquas.
Contracta pisces æquora Sentiunt
Jactis in altum molibus; huc frequens
Cæmeneæ dimittit Redemptor
Cum famulis Dominusq; terræ.
Fastidiosus sed timor & minæ
Scandunt eodem, quo Dominus: neq;
Decedit æratâ triremi, &
Post Equitem: Sed et atra cura.
Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
Nec purpurarum Sidere clarior
Delenit usus, nec Falernæ
Vitis, Achæmeniumque Costum.
Cur invidendis postibus, & novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores. Hor. lib. Car.

Mæcenati ad bellum Actiacum proficiscenti Comitem se offert, non tam quod presentiâ suâ quicquam commodi ei allaturus, quam quod minus de Salute ejus Sollicitus fut futurus.

IBIS Liburnis inter alta navium,
Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo. Quid

Not Hail smit Vines, and Years of Dearth;
Sometimes the too much Wet in Fault,
Sometimes the Stars that broil the Earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was nought.
The Fish fears stifling in the Sea,
Damm'd up the Master-Builder and
His Men, the Land-sick Lord too, he
Throws Rubbish in with his own Hand.
But Fear and Dangers haunt the Lord
Into all Places: And black Care
Behind him rides: Or, if on Board
A Ship, 'tis his Companion there.
If Marble keep not Fever out,
Nor purple Raiment help the Blind,
Nor *Persian* Ointments cure the Gout,
Nor Massick Tomes a troubled Mind.
With envied Parts in Fashion strange,
Why shou'd I raise a stately Pile?
My sabine Vale; why shou'd I change
For Wealth accompanied with Toil.

Horace's Book of Songs.

He offers himself to accompany Mæcenas, *not for any Help he can bring him by his Presence, but by reason being present, may have less apprehensions for him.*

THOU go'st now our Fleet's General,
Our Fleet, the Empire's Wall:
To take thy Sovereign's Danger, prest
Upon thy willing Breast.

I.

Quid nos? quibus te vita sit superstite
Jucunda: Si contra gravis:
Utrumne jussi persequemur otium,
Non dulce, si tecum simul?
An hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
Qua ferre non molles Viros?
Feremus: & te vel per Alpium Juga,
Inhospitalem & Caucasum,
Vel occidentis usq; ad ultimum finem,
Forti sequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid juvem meo,
Imbellis, ac firmus parum.
Comes minori sum futurus in metu,
Qui major absentes habet:
Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet
Magis relictis: non ut adsit auxili
Laturæ plus presentibus.
Libentur hoc & omne militabitur
Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ:
Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur meis
Perusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
Lucana mutet pascua:
Nec ut superni villa cadens Tusculli
Circæa tangat mœnia.
Satis superque me benignitas tua
dilavit, haud paravero,
Quod aut, Avarus ut Chremes, terra pregnam
Disinctus aut perdam ut Nepos.

Hor.

I, to whom Life is ſweet,
But bitter without thee,
Shall I (tho' bid) mine eaſe purſue,
(No eaſe if wanting you)
Or elſe with Courage Maſculine,
Make one in the Deſign?
I will: And thee o'er *Alps* I'll follow,
Thro' Lands unſeen b' *Apollo*,
And to the fartheſt *Weſtern* Part
With an undaunted Heart.
Thou'lt ask, what ſerves my going for,
Weak and unapt for War?
I ſhall fear leſs, If I be there,
Abſence augmenteth Fear.
So Birds divorced from their raw Young,
Fear more the Snake's fork't Tongue,
Whereas (alas) if they had ſtaid,
They cou'd have lent no Aid.
This and all Warfares I'd imbrace
Only to gain thy Grace:
Not that my galling Ploughs may vex
A hundred Oxen's Necks;
Nor that my Flocks when the Day rains,
For Hills may change the Plains:
Nor that my In-land State may reach
To the far diſtant Beach.
Thy Bounty both o'er-flow'd my Meaſure,
I wou'd not maſs up Treaſure,
To hurry with the Miſer's Care,
Or ſquander Life unfrugal here. *Horace.*

To CLARINDA. *A sacred* POEM.

ON fair *Clarinda*'s Eyes I'd gaze
Both Morning, Noon and Night,
My raviſh'd Soul in ſoft amaze,
Is dazled with that Light.
How happy ſurely muſt he be,
That gains once her Regard,
That Swain may dwell in Extaſy,
Bleſt with ſo great Reward.
Inſpire O Muſe! theſe ſacred Lines,
Her Virtues to rehearſe,
My Heart o'er-flows in lucid Streams,
She's Subject of my Verſe:
I'd rove all round the World o'er,
To gain the Nymph I love,
I'd live with her for evermore,
And from her ne'er remove.
Were both the *Indies* in my Power,
And all that they contain,
I'd give her all that very Hour,
And with her e'er remain.

AUSONIUS's *Roſes*.

'TWas *Spring*; and (bitter ſweet) the Saffron Morn,
Blew hot and cold from *Amalthea*'s Horn.

A brisker Gale usher'd *Aurora*'s Ray,
And bad her Steeds out-strip the winged Day.
Between the Garden's watered Beds I went,
Apollo's growing Fury to prevent,
On the bent Grass I saw congealed Drops,
And Christal Pendants on the Pot-herb Tops;
Broad Cabbages from Leaf to Leaf distill'd
The orient Pearl, and all their Bottles fill'd;
The hoary Fruit-trees here and there a Gem,
Had candied o'er to melt with the first Beam;
The Rose-trees in their pestan Scarlet laught,
And with red Lips the Morning Nectar quast;
'Tis doubted whether *Hesper* borrowed
Or lent that Paint, and dy'd the Roses red;
One Dew, one Colour, one Celestial Power
Of both; for they are *Venus*' Star and Flower;
Perchance one Odour too; but that being high,
Expires i'th' Air; this throws her Incense nigh:
The *Paphian* Mistress of the Flower and Star,
Bid both her Servants the same Livery wear.
The Moment came when on opposed Banks
The flow'ry Squadrons plac'd themselves in Ranks;
One lay conceal'd in her Leaves close green Hood;
Another peeping thro' the Lattice stood;
This opes her first aspiring Pyramid,
And ends it in crimson pointed Head:

That loos'd her Garment (gather'd in her Lap)
And in her native Silks her self did wrap;
Uncovers, now, her laughing Cup, and shews
The golden Tuft, which in her Bottom grows:
She, that but now shewn dreit in all her Hair
Stands pale, forlook ev'n by those Leaves she bear:
So sudden Change I wondered to behold,
And Roses in their Infancy grown old.
Whilst I speak this, those envy'd Beauties shed
Their glorious Locks, Earth cover'd with their Dead:
So many Kinds, so many Births of Flowers
One Day discloses, and one Day devours!
Nature, why mad'st thou fading Flowers so gay?
Why shew'dst us Gifts to snatch 'em straight away?
A Day's a Rose's Age: How near do meet
Poor Bloom, thy Cradle, and the winding Sheet.
She whom the rising Sun saw newly born,
He sees a wither'd Corps at his Return:
Yet, well with them, who tho' they quickly die,
Survive themselves in their Posterity:
Gather your Roses, Virgins, whilst they're new,
For being gone, no Spring returns to you.

Hor. Ecl. 14.

POSTSCRIPT.

THERE remains of *Lucifer*'s Crew yet in many Parts of the Earth yet undemolished, but more particularly about his Holiness the Pope of *Rome*; especially when the feminine Seraglio are attending his Sanctity then inthroned in his infallible Porphyry Chair at *Rome*; and when old Age occasion a Transmigration from their Bodies, they become Spectres, Phantoms, or Spirits in the Air, evil Stars, Sprights, and Omens of Treachery, Murder, Rebellion, Wickedness, Witchcraft, Devilism, Necromancy, Sedition, Conspiracy, Anthropomithridatimerdaticism, Simony, Conjuration, Whoredom, Adultery, Jesuitism, in imposing upon, and getting the Papish inferior Laities Wives with Child for Absolution Sake. As for Instance,

About the 15th of *December* last, coming up from *Sligo* to *Dublin*, at a Place called *Drumsnow* upon the *Shannon*, near *Jamestown* in the County of *Leitrim* at Mr. *Donaldson*'s Inn there, I think at the *King's-head*, I refreshed my self and Horse, and somebody having stirred up an Argument upon Popedom,

and of Pope *Joan* and their Incontinency, and propagating Whoredom, Adultery, Brothels, and Recepticles for receiving and destroying Infants newly born, in order to take off their Shame, and to obtain Salvation, says the said Mrs. *Donaldson* I believe a great deal of what you say to be true, for, says she, not long since a young Priest having one Night lodged with her, after Supper (there being an handsome Servant Maid in the House getting the Priest's Bed ready,) the Priest retir'd to his Chamber, and the Landlady, Mrs. *Donaldson*, following after to see that the Gentleman Priest had a Bottle of Water, a Cap and Towel left for him, and his Room in order; but she no sooner enter'd the Chamber Door but she saw poor *Nell* upon her Back, and turning up the Hem of her under Petticoat and after that her S----k, and the stoned Priest most rampantly with his B----hes about his Heels just getting in between her, but the poor Priest was most damnably disappointed in the Heat of his Concupiscence.

For his Holiness will not, for Sanctity Sake, suffer himself to be castrated or stoned, according to the Statutes in those Cases made and provided; but in order to draw on Lust and inordinate Desires of the Flesh, and in order to shew how clever a Pair of chiming Bells he produces, imminent from the Hole in the Seat

Seat of the ſaid Porphyry, Demoniac or Infallible Material Wooden-Chair, neither will his Holineſs, for the Propagation Sake of Murder, Inceſt, Doctor-fauſticiſm, and the Devil knows what, ſuffer the Papal Clergy to be nicolinized or ſtoned, but let them hang as Pendants or Ear-Bobbs to the lower Laities Wives Rumps, for the Sake of Steweciſm and Brotheliſm, and unclean, meretricial, and penſionary Bawdy-Houſes at *Rome*; and all this under Colour of Conveniencies adapted and annexed to his moſt damnable Doctrines, and Impoſitions, nay he inculcates and enforces as much by Example as Practice all Sorts of Wickedneſs to deſtroy *Hereticks*, I mean the poor Proteſtants; as for Inſtance, let us reflect upon 41, and the ſhocking Maſſacres of but modern Ages, and from the earlieſt of Times remaining of Record, and in ſupporting and winking at, and practiſing himſelf thoſe Doings, he advances *Lucifer*'s Power in the Regions of the Air, and diſtils among good Chriſtians, in order to corrupt them and make them become united in his Alliances, (the *Tartars* Curſe alight upon his Body) for let him take Care of his Soul upon its Tranſmigration. Oh! Wickedneſs, Wickedneſs, moſt horrid Wickedneſs! *vide Thomſon*'s Letters to the Pope *, dated on and before the 21ſt of *January* laſt, from St. *Mary*'s Abbey, *Dublin*.

* See Page 25.

Dublin. Nay, what do I talk, he made the Monster *Polyphemus* ten times worse than he might have been. ---- But, by the by, I think it was Pope *Boniface*'s Spectre startled *Polyphemus* in his Wanderings in the Air, and occasioned that great Insurrection and Rebellion which yet subsists, but *Polyphemus* little confiding in his Infallibility by Accident (not but that he may travel, for ought as I know, as much or probably more in the Air than the Monster, or Prodigy I mean does) but however, what wou'd you have of it, poor *Polyphemus* hits the Pope a damned Whack in the Chops, the Pope thereon instantly being most sanguinly flustered, unites all his internal and aerial Powers to contest his Right and Property of and in the gloomy Regions, and insisted upon it, and in short got the better of *Polyphemus*, until *Jupiter* being implored, there was a Cessation of Arms, and Hostages exchanged, but before both *Polyphemus* with one Servant only, and the Pope (I mean *Lucifer* in his Pontificalibus) with another only withdrew from their Lines of Battle, having become a little familiar during the Cessation, they entred upon an Argument upon the Pope's Infallibility, and which held a good while, the twelve Signs being all present and Eye-witnesses to the Argument: Says *Polyphemus*, (may it please your Eminence) as I find

find enrolled, in the City of *Lyons* in *France*, among the List of Popes ever since St. *Peter* died, that *Linus* was the immediate succeeding and first Pope after the Death of St. *Peter*, and consequently must or ought in some Sort or other imitate St. *Peter* in some one (at least) of his good Actions and Works, then, if but so, how can or cou'd said Pope *Linus*, or any Pope of *Rome* since be infallible in any thing in Part and not in the Whole, if so, then where the Devil is your Popish Infallibility? But further, says *Polyphemus*, Mr. Pope, we'll put the Case a little closer, suppose we shou'd admit St. *Peter*, who was a good Man (but not infallible) not to be either the greatest or least of the Apostles, and if so, St. *Peter* cou'd not be either the greatest or least of the Apostles, then consequently fallible, then (may it please your Holiness) where is Infallibility, Nay, says *Polyphemus* replying, it must be at *Rome*, and where the *Jesuits* and Popish Descendants do reside and no where else. But further, Squire Pope, what do you say if St. *Peter*, tho' a great and good Man, being fallible, how cou'd he be at the same time infallible? As for Instance, our blessed Saviour *Jesus Christ*, speaking to St. *Peter* before his Crucifixion, says these Words, *Before the Cock crows twice thou shalt deny me thrice*: Then farewel Mr. Pope, where is your Infallibility? I suppose

it

it becomes Luciferous; I believe if there be any it muſt be in yours or the *Pretender*'s Cloſe-Stool-Pan, or his Warming-Pan, *&c.* Oh! *Glorious Firſt of Auguſt, Anno Domni*, 1714. But to make a long Story ſhort, the Pope, and Pretender, and his Adherents, the *French*, and *Spaniards*, and all their united Armament at Sea and Land, are diſmiſſed with Coſts, as the Law ſays, the Deel help 'em, as ſaid *Mc. Laughlin* to the King.

A

LETTER

TO THE

Pope of *ROME*.

Dated, from *Mary's-Abbey*, 21st. *Jan.* 1731.

D--- me *Lewis*,

D--- me, *T*-----*n* has knocked himself o' th' Head, d--- me, he was catch'd this Morning upon the King's High-road, stealing, not *Felleo Animo*, a black Horse, with Geering-Tackle, and upon his Back, near the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *M*———, or had rather said my Lord *A*---- at *S*------. B----d and O---s, if the Case be so, as I doubt it is not, by G---, he is undone: I pity the poor Fellow, by reason we were School-fel-

lows at *Sligo*; but, B---- and W----, tho' he was School-boy there, and a Cock of the Game, D-- me, I pity the poor Fellow, 'tis true, he uſed to cut me *Jack W*---- at Mr. C----, and Col. *W*--- *S*---- in the County of *Sligo*, yet I cou'd be inclined to ſave him, but alas! who can help Misfortunes when they arrive from thoſe about *Bavaria*, *Placentia*, and other *Weſtern* Iſlands, and the *Nithertands*, nay, what do I talk, General *F* —— at the Caſtle-Gate was deeply concerned, witneſs *J*--- *T*---- the Puppy, the Raſcal did not break even his Flute, nay, his Sword; no, did not loſe his Cane, nor break his Heart Snuff-Box; no, tho' he was triply repulſed between the prancing Cattle, he got no Hurt but a Bruiſe in his Toe or Thumb, and a ſmall Wound that drew Blood to the Ground in his Chin, which a fair Lady in three Minutes after, or thereabouts, gave him a Plaiſter (God reward her) for it. Pray, acquaint C---- and his demi-wooden Underſtanding, that he flutters more than I do, nay his Volubility in his Tongue (I wou'd not ſay his A---e) is not leſs intolerable, than the Honour due to his Poſteriors, or *Jacks*, or *Tums*, or the C----, or to *B*---- himſelf; but, d--- me, Blood will have Blood, if I don't miſtake. By G-- *L*--, I wou'd put the Caſe thus, ſuppoſe you *L* ——, *J*——, *T* ——, the *C*——, (*F*—— and *B*——

were

were environed within an Iron Gate, environed with a thousand Swords a-piece,) 'tis true I'm sensible that *F*——— and *B*——— are both dead: I must own I wou'd have a Parenthesis against fleeting Bullets, because there's no fencing against a Flail: D---me, I wou'd venture with the greatest G——— in *Europe*, I mean for Honour's Sake (for I wou'd not have them determined downright to be killed or to kill, I wou'd I tell you, by G——, who I hope will preserve me against all Wickedness, fight Sword in Hand with any Man that wears a Sword, and receive a Wound, and draw Blood for Honour's Sake, and, d---me, believe it. Good Night to you.

W——, B——, F——, L——, J——, W——, W——, tum matris alius quæ nunc preseri-bere longum est.

John Thomson.

The Popish Monk's striving Entrance into Hell.

Translated from Lucian.

A *Popenier* once straggling down to Hell,
Tartareous missive goes therein to dwell;
And when he did arrive just at *Acharon*,
The Porter there was *Cerberus*, oh! a rare one:
Who Devil's there? 'Tis I poor papist Monk,
This Ghost has quit the Body, there's the Trunk;
His blandish'd hideous Eyes like Negroe's Rump,
All black with Dirt, and nauseous to the Stump,
Accosted him, D--m, D--m you dirty Dog,
Fly hence, get back, dwell there like man-like Frog.
The raging Cell inflam'd,--the Captain call'd,
Sees *Popenier*, D--m him, let him be mawl'd:
All blaz'd around in twirling, vapouring Flames,
Emitting horrid, burning, livid Streams,
Sulphureous glow, with penetrating Screams.

Oh!

Oh! dreadful Day, when I commenc'd a Sinner,
'Tis now, alas! too late, I'm no Beginner,
This is the Hell, the horrid Dungeon Hell,
Thence no returning, oh! hideous, dismal Cell:
Pope where's thy Purgatory? Great Impostor,
Bartering Laymen's Souls, where is thy Plaister
To heal their cureless Wounds? Endless Disaster!
Says Dæmon, Sir, do you want here to dwell,
In this our Region gloomy, call'd a Hell?
D--m you, you Devil, just so he did begin,
I fear my Master, 'tis Sin to bring you in;
It transubstantiated Bread is Flesh,
Your Pope eates Devil, and Bread and Flesh makes Fish.

Chang'd by the same Hand.

A *Papist* died, as 'twas *Jehovah*'s Will,
And the poor Soul went trudging down to Hell;
And when he did arrive just at the Entry,
He saw a Mastiff Devil standing Centry:
Who's there, says he? 'Tis I poor papist Ghost,
That come to dwell upon the *Stygian* Coast.

Stand

Stand where you are, and do not press so hard,
For I must call the Captain of the Guard.
The Captain call'd, all blaz'd in curling Flames,
Emitting horrid, dreadful, burning Streams.
Says, what are you? Sir, I am come to dwell,
If you will give me leave, with you in Hell.
Damn you, you Rogue, then did he say to him,
I love my Master, and you shall not come in;
For if on Earth you eat your God, I fear,
If you come in, you'll eat the Devil here.

FINIS.